*Dut.* Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
*Car.* Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
*Dut.* I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
*Yor.* Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine,
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
*Dut.* How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let mee heare it.
*Yor.* Marry thy say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:
'Twas ful two yeeres ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a prettie iest.
*Dut.* I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
*Yor.* Granam, his Nurse.
*Dut.* Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
*Yor.* If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
*Qu.* A perilous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
*Car.* Good Madame be not angry with the child.
*Qu.* Pitchers haue eares, *Enter Dorset.*
*Car.* Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
*Dor.* Such newes my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
*Qu.* How fares the Prince?
*Dor.* Well, Madame, and in health.
*Dut.* What is the newes then?
*Dor.* Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
*Dut.* Who hath committed them?
*Dor.* The mightie Dukes, Glocester and Buckingham.
*Car.* For what offence?
*Dor.* The summe of all I can I haue disclosed:
VVhy, or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
*Qu.* Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie begins to iet,

Vpon

Vpon the inn
*W*elcome dest
I see as in a M
*Dut.* Accu
How many o
My husband
And often vp
For me to ioy
And being se
Cleane ouerb
*M*ake war vp
Selfe against
And frantick
Or let me die
*Q.* Come, c
*Dut.* Ile go
*Qu.* You h
*Car.* My gr
And thither b
For my part, I
The Seale I k
As well I tend
Come, Ile con
*The Trum*
*Glocest*
*Buc.* Welco
*Glo.* Welco
The wearie w
*Prin.* No V
Haue made it t
I want more V
*Glo.* Sweet
Hath not yet d
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Then of his ou
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